

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME 1.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1851.

NUMBER 26.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY EVENING, BY
BARNES & ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.

Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail, \$1.00.

Delivered by the Carrier in the Village, \$1.50.

One shilling in addition to the above will be

charged for every three months that payment is

delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are

paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty

cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent

insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-

scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements

as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00; 1 square 1 year, \$5.00.

1 " 3 " 2.00; 1 column 1 " 20.00.

1 " 6 " 3.00; 1 " 1 month, 5.00.

Advertisements unaccompanied with writ-

ten or verbal directions, will be published until or-

dered out, and charged for. When a postponement

is added to an advertisement, the whole will be

charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-

tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post

paid.

Particular attention given to Blank Print-

ing. Most kinds of Blanks in use, will be kept

constantly on hand.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1851.

H. G. SMITH, Blacksmith. All kinds of work

in my line done to order, and no trust for pay.

Shop south of C. B. Albee's Tannery, Grand

Haven, Michigan.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at

Law, Solicitor in Chancery and Circuit Court

Commissioner for Ottawa County. Office third

door west of the Washington House.

H. MERRILL, Boot and Shoemaker. Boots

and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders promp-

tly attended to. Shop one door below the Wash-

ington House, Grand Haven, Mich.

FERRY & SONS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-

ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Clothing, Boots

and Shoes, Crockery and Medicines—also man-

ufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber,

Water Street, Grand Haven.

WM. M. FERRY, JR., } WM. M. FERRY.

THOS. W. FERRY. }

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, will attend

promptly to collecting and all other professional

business entrusted to his care. Office over H.

Griffin's Store, opposite the Washington House,

Grand Haven, Mich.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-

ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots

and Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

C. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-

mission Merchants, and Dealer in Dry Goods,

Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,

&c., &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—

Store, corner Washington and Water streets,

Grand Haven, Mich.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forwarding

and Commission Merchants, also Agent for

the Steamer Algona, Store House at Grand

Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

BALL & MARTIN, Storage, Forwarding and

Commission Merchants. Grand Rapids, Mich.

GILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and

Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,

Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-

ven, Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-

ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery

and Stone Ware, Hardware, Groceries, Provi-

sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fancy

Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and

Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,

Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,

and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c.

Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,

Michigan.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding

& Commission Merchants; general dealers in

all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provisions;

manufacturers and dealers wholesale and

retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,

Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Gro-

ceries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,

Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner

of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

H. D. C. TUTTLE, M. D. Office, adjoining

Wm. M. Ferry's Store, Water street, Grand Ha-

ven, Michigan.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon.

Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washing-

ton Street, Grand Haven.

SIMON SIMENOE, Dealer in Groceries and

Provisions. Washington Street, second door

East of the Ottawa House.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By HENRY PENNOY-

ER. The proprietor has the past Spring new-

ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,

and feels confident visitors will find the House

to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL, HOTEL, By HARRY EA-

TON. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms

well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-

plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier.

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at

Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-

tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at

Grand Rapids, Michigan.

A. H. VREDENBURG, Boot and Shoemaker.

Shop over Wm. M. Ferry's store, Water street,

Grand Haven, Mich.

CHARLES W. HATHAWAY, Blacksmith. All

kinds of work in my line done with neatness and

dispatch at my shop. Mill Point, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on

Washington Street, first door west of H. Griff-

in's Store.

GROSVENOR REED, Prosecuting Attorney

for Ottawa County. Residence at Charleston

Laing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-

fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-

ington House.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and

Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over

H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the

Washington House, Grand Haven.

HENRY PENNOYER, Treasurer of Ottawa

County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite

the Washington House.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—

Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-

ington House.

A WELCOME TO KOSSUTH.

BY HOWARD CHILTON.

Once in an age a mind appears,
That seems by will of heaven ordained
To gather in the thoughts of years,
And show to man what man hath gained.

And, be he martyr at the stake,
Or hero on the well-fought field,
Millions do battle for his sake,
And know not to retreat or yield.

But, gaining on the future still,
Old errors fall before their way—
Like clouds before the sun, until
The morning broadens into day.

Such was our Washington, who stood
Before mankind, with purpose high,
And showed them how to carve the good
From forth the age then rolling by.

Since his, no name in patriot ranks
Hath shone with milder, steadier ray,
Nor more deserved the bondsman's thanks,
Than his who is our guest to-day.

A welcome then to our free land,
Unto the Magyar, tried and true!
Though foiled himself, the good he planned,
The future yet shall carry through!

THE APPLE PEDDLER.

It was the 15th of May, 1851, a day which will long be remembered, that I found myself seated in the bar-room of one of the principal hotels in Dunkirk. It was the morning of the New York and Erie Railroad Celebration. The streets were thronged with anxious spectators who had assembled from all surrounding parts, to behold the first steam horse who had dared to venture thus far into their romantic country. As I sat at the window conversing with a friend, my attention was directed to a middle aged man in the street, with a basket of apples, which he seemed to be disposing of to those who were desirous of purchasing. His dress was of the poorest material, and that so badly torn, that it dangled in shreds about him. He wore nothing about his feet, save a piece of leather, which by means of strings he had ingeniously fastened upon the bottoms, to prevent them coming in contact with the stones. His hair was of a jet black, and with his red beard, floated in wild profusion about his head. Feeling anxious to contribute something to the poor man, I beckoned him to approach me. I slipped a few pennies into his hand, and my eye caught his. There appeared to be something peculiar in his looks. His countenance told of better days, and I questioned him to that effect. But he seemed unwilling to converse with me, and turned away. The poor apple peddler was thought no more of. My friend and myself soon left the hotel, and mingled with the crowd, to rejoice at the completion of that great work, and welcome the first train to the shores of Lake Erie.

Time sped on. In a few short hours the sun had set, and we were returning from the tumult of the day, seeking a place of repose. Turning a corner that led into the main street, we suddenly came upon an assemblage of men and boys who were gazing upon some object which seemed to excite their curiosity. We paused for a moment and discovered it to be the Apple Peddler, who lay intoxicated in the street. A worse scene of intemperance I never looked upon. He would occasionally start, crazed by some wild and frantic dream, which told too truly the delirium tremens were at work. I turned and inquired of the by-standers if any present were acquainted with his name. To which several replied, 'It is B—.' 'What B—?' says my friend, for he was startled at the name. 'Chas. B—,' was the reply. 'Is it possible? It cannot be that we have again met,' speaks my friend. But so it was, he recognized him instantly, and requesting me to stay with the wretched man, he proceeded immediately to find a shelter for him during the night. By diligent search one was finally procured, several streets distant, where we carried him in a cart upon straw.— We left him in charge of the lady of the house and, promising to call at an early hour the next morning, took our departure.

As we resumed our walk, my companion remarked: "There is romance enough connected with the life of that man to fill a volume—and if you will remain with me during the evening, I will give you a brief history of a part of it." I most cordially accepted the invitation and he related to me the following incident:

"My first acquaintance with Charles B. was in the year 1839. We were then room-mates at Homer, (Cortland Academy), where we prepared for College—entering Hamilton in the fall of 1840. His father was a wealthy farmer in J—, and spared no pains to give his son an education sufficient to qualify him for any station in life. At the age of fifteen he became acquainted with many languages, and was at that time advanced to enter any College—yet wishing to lengthen his school days, he deferred doing so. His last year at Homer was the commencement of his wild career. He frequently became dissipated, then only seventeen. This was his year of revelry. His academic studies were finished, and time now was of no consequence. A week before the close of the term he was expelled, and I dare say the name of Charles B—, will long be remembered by many of the citizens of that place.

"I entered College, and again he roomed with me. Two months rolled around, and each day brought a change for the worse. He had wasted money enough during these two months to have carried him through his studies. Mr. B. becoming aware of the disgrace his son was bringing upon him, refused the adequate means for him to remain at College unless he reformed. This (under restraint) he resolved never to do, and therefore he left, determined to plan some method for procuring money. It required but little thought to carry his determination into effect. He takes his father's last letter from his pocket, and practices upon the hand writing until he had it perfect. He then makes out a check in a fac simile to his father's hand writing on the bank of J—, for the sum of one hundred dollars. He is soon at the Bank, and the President cashes it without any hesitation.

"In less than an hour he is again on his way to College. On arriving at Utica he found himself minus of the one hundred dollars, having lost it in a drunken spree upon the route.

There he joined a circus company as clown under the name of George W. White. His first appearance before the public, was at his native village, where he sung his favorite song, which was so loudly applauded (throughout the country), entitled "My Grandfather was a wonderful man." He was with the circus company about two years, during which period they visited England, and he appeared before the Queen, who presented him with a beautiful horse.

"As the company returned to America, he left them and became a theatrical performer in New York city, although, at that time, considered the greatest of American clowns. This proving injurious to his health, he concluded to engage in some profession. But first of all he concluded to direct his steps homeward. He found a change had taken place. His father had been dead nearly a year, and at his death he had been the greater portion of his property, if he returned a reformed man and remained so three years. This he resolved to do, and again resumed his studies. He had pursued them a little over a year when I saw him again. He then appeared to be a temperate man and everything smiled about him. That year he graduated and commenced the study of law at Rochester, at which place I frequently visited him. The three years had now expired and the money willed to him by his father was his own.

Removing to New York, he built him a large costly mansion, in Broom street, and married a highly accomplished young lady of that city.— The last time I called upon him, I was met at the Astor House by his servants, who escorted me to his dwelling in sublime style. The carriage was costly, of the latest fashion, drawn by four elegant white steeds, and driven by a colored servant. But a moment elapsed, and, with a servant at each elbow, I was ushered into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. B—. The same grand elegance pervaded everything throughout. The furniture was the most expensive that could be obtained, and all visible objects were none but those which would correspond. I tarried with him but a day, and took my departure for the south, promising to spend several days with him on my return.

Two years rolled around before I again found myself in the Atlantic city. I hastened to call upon Mr. B—. I sought the number and rang at the door. A stranger opened it, and I inquired if Mr. B— resided there. "No, he does not, nor never will again," was the hasty reply. Not understanding the sentence and the accent upon it, I desired an explanation. It required but few words to satisfy my desire. "Since he removed to New York," said the gentleman, "he has been living upon the interest of his money. Two weeks ago, to-morrow, he failed for \$5,000 more than he was able to pay. The next morning I saw him reeling through the street his brain crazed by the deadly poison, alcohol.— Since that time I know nothing of him; whether he be dead or alive I cannot tell you. His wife lies in yonder cemetery, her death caused by the dissipation and vices of her husband."

"I could hear no more. These words were sufficient, and I immediately left for Rochester. A long ride brought me to the now city of Auburn. As the train neared the depot, the State Prison was in flames. The convicts were being removed, and I slipped from the cars to look at them. As they passed, among them I noticed Charles B—. Never can I forget that meeting. As I gazed upon him, and thought of the change that had taken place since we were school boys, a tear came to my eyes, and my heart sunk within me.

"Several years have flown since, and a thousand times have I thought of my first visit to the mansion of Charles B—. To-day we have met again; and in a dray cart, with an Irish boy for a servant and driver, I take him from not the Astor House, but the muddy street of Dunkirk, with a crowd of boys surrounding us, I escort him to a humble abode. This is the history of his life as far as I am acquainted. If you will call with me to see him to-morrow morning, you will learn more of his past life, and that I presume which will interest you."

Promising to do so, I sought my lodgings for the night. It was late the succeeding morning before we directed our steps to the house containing the hero of our tale. But, alas! unfortunate man, he had taken that "sleep which knows no waking." His life's career was at an end—and one single mourner followed his remains to the grave.

Our plain, unvarnished story is finished. Let it be remembered by the young, and may it have a salutary influence in enabling them to resist temptation. Its moral is too plain to require explanation.

Among the masses of stuff that are floating around as newspaper literature, are occasional "words of wisdom" that are as precious as gold. The following, by a piquant writer, who signs himself "Charles Quill" is a sermon in itself, containing all the philosophy and beautiful morality of many a volume.

"Why do you begin to do good so far off; this is a rolling error. Begin it at the centre, and work outward. If you do not love your wife, do not pretend to such love for the people of the antipodes. If you let some family grudge, some peevishness, some undesirable gesture, sour your visage towards a sister or daughter, pray cease to preach beneficence on a large scale.— Begin not at the next door, but within your own door—with your neighbor, whether relative, servant, or superior. Account the man you meet, the man you are to bless. Give him such things as you have. How can I make him or her happier? This is the question. If a dollar will do it, give the dollar. If advice will do it, give advice. If chastisement will do it, give chastisement. If a look, a smile, a warm pressure of the hand, or a tear. But never forget that the happiness of our world is a mountain of golden sands, and that it is your part to cast some contributory atom every moment."

Grief never sleeps; it watches continually, like a jealous husband. All the world groans under its sway, and it fears that, by sleeping, its clutch will become loosened, and its prey then escape.

SCENE IN A GAMBLER'S LIFE.

Upon one of the crowded boats that continually ply up and down the Mississippi, was a family group whose dejected appearance attracted general attention. The wife wore that peculiar melancholy expression of countenance that tells of a life-consuming heart-sorrow, which lies too deep to be alleviated by sympathy. Her features were sharpened by suffering, and her face, which might once have been fair, had lost its round proportions, and the thin cheek and sunken mournful eye, revealed a tale of unspoken grief. A young babe slept quietly in her arms. She looked lovingly upon it; and well she might, for it was very beautiful. One little dimpled hand rested upon the soft cheek, and half-parted lips and closely shut eyelids told how gently it slumbered.

Now and then a little girl, sitting close beside her on a low stool, peeped under the light shawl that half covered the child's face, looked smilingly up to her mother, and again nestled closer to her side, till as the evening advanced, weariness made her own lips droop, and she nodded herself into as sound a sleep as the little dreamer in her mother's lap. The father sat nearly opposite the group, upon an old chest that contained their all. He looked haggard, pale and distressed. He had a long time sat with his head bowed upon his hand, in abstract, moody silence, now and then looking towards his young wife as though he had something upon his lips to say, yet dared not utter. At length, in a quick, harsh tone, in which there was more of desperation than unkindness, he said:

"Mary, the captain says he shall put us ashore."

"What for?" was her astonished, wondering reply.

"I have no money, Mary. After I brought you on board, I went back to G—'s to try my luck once more, and the scoundrels won every dollar. The knaves! they've cheated me! If I could only had time to try my luck again, I'd soon have shown them I could win as roundly as they."

In giving vent to his excitement, he forgot, for the moment, the consequences which his gratified passion had already brought upon his helpless family, and, angrily starting up, paced the narrow space about them with flushed and scowling face.

Poor Mary had received the tidings of her new misfortune with a suppressed groan, but now her emotion was visible in the silent tears that fell thick and fast, while she encircled her unconscious children more closely in her arms. She remembered the many days and nights of weary toil she had endured to gather a portion of the little sum that was to convey them from the scenes of her suffering, and with which they were to secure a humble home farther west. But now all was gone. The bright anticipations of a home of their own in some quiet spot, had long been her strength, and many an hour of sorrow had been lightened with the thought that one day they should till their own land, that she should see the bright grain waving and the prairie flowers springing luxuriantly around their dwelling; and her heart beat with joy, as, in imagination, she saw her children bounding upon the green sward, and breathing the fresh, pure air, that had thus far been denied them; and, above all, she would see her husband freed from the influences that drew him and his hard earnings to the gaming tables with such magnetic witchery, despite all his resolutions and promises. But poor Mary's imagination had traveled too fast, and her happy dreams were all crushed now. No word of reproach escaped her lips, though she shuddered as she listened to the night wind, and thought how soon they would be without shelter. Her uncomplaining sorrow touched the heart of the gambler, and again he threw himself down upon the old chest, and burying his face in his hands, anxiously awaited the summons he momentarily expected from the captain.

There they sat till midnight approached.— Quiet had taken the place of the noisy confusion of the evening, as one after another dropped away in slumber. The heavy, rumbling sound of the machinery fell painfully upon the nervous ear of the gambler, as he listened to the approach of every footfall, till suddenly the sound ceased, and only the rushing waters and the dismal whistling of the wind broke the stillness. Presently the captain with a man bearing a lantern, appeared, and ordered the unwelcome passengers forward. They arose, and without a word, obeyed the summons.

The boat was already lowered, and two men at the oars awaited orders. Mary prepared to descend, and placing the babe in the young daughter's arms, with a word of caution she turned from them, and in a moment more was safely seated in the boat. By the dim light of the lamp she watched the coming of Anna, with her precious burden, and with anxious fear saw them lifted to the boat's edge. She reached forward to secure them, but Anna tottered, and in a moment was plunged into the rolling waters.

A shrill shriek rent the air and rang through the boat with such wild agony, as awoke every sleeper.

"My child! my Anna!" cried the frantic mother, as she gazed vainly on the dark water that had closed over her loved ones.

"Save them! save them!" she still shrieked, while she struggled to throw herself after them, though firmly held by one of the oarsmen.— The other plunged into the river, while half a dozen lights flung a broad gleam upon the water, and enabled him to discern any object that appeared. The father peered into the distance with a keen quick gaze, and then gave a loud shout, as a dark mass rose to the surface. With a few expert strokes the swimmer reached Anna, as she was sinking beneath the waves again, and with a strong hold he grasped and bore her safely to the arms of the distracted mother, who folded the dripping and exhausted child to her bosom. Still she shrieked—

"My child! my babe is gone, oh, save him, too." And with wild gestures she entreated them to find it.

"What does she mean?" asked the astonished oarsman.

"Anna had the babe in her arms when I lifted her down to you," replied the excited and bewildered father.

Without another word, the generous boatman plunged into the water again, and glided here and there in search of the lost. In vain the lights flashed hither and thither, throwing a long streak of brightness to the shore. Nothing was visible, and hope sank in the hearts of the lookers-on who had gathered upon deck, and even the harsh captain pitied the mother, as he heard her agonized sobs, when the search was abandoned, and the boatmen returned, chilled and wearied; from his fruitless efforts. No one spoke, and many eyes still anxiously watched the ruffled waters. Amid the silence, save the half stifled grief of the bereaved mother, the boat glided slowly away, the oars dipping lightly in the waters that had embosomed the sleeping babe. On and on they softly moved, till the boat lights glimmered in the distance, and they could see the wavy lines of the shore and the dark, dreary wood that bordered it.

Close upon the shore stood a few hamlets; and here, in the midnight darkness, they left the moneyless gambler, his stricken wife, and the half drowned Anna. Poor Mary sat moaning upon the river bank, clasping her only remaining child, and straining her gaze afar upon the water in search of the lost one. The conscience stricken father hastened to the nearest cottage for relief, while the skiff pushed from the shore, and returned to the steamboat, which in a little time was noisily pushing and puffing along the river, and leaving far behind the broken group that had been despoiled of their treasure.

Quiet was again restored among the passengers, and each returned to their dreams, or his waking thoughts of the unhappy midnight scene—some to sympathize—some to censure—all soon to forget, in the busy whirl of life, the sad lesson, that however man may err, woman is the greatest sufferer thereby, and few, if any, to profit by the warning of the gambler's misfortune.

ADMIRABLE TASTE.—The extreme good sense of Madame Kossuth, the wife of the illustrious exile, is very apparent, from the reply made by that lady to the address of a deputation of female belonging to some "Woman's Rights" Convention in England. After listening with polite patience to their farrago of transcendental nonsense, Madame K. remarked "that she thanked them heartily for this proof of their sympathy towards herself, and through her, more particularly towards